

A
P A N E G Y R I C
UPON THE
Blessed Virgin
M A R Y.



What Eye dares search the Bright-
 ness of the Sun?
 What Pencil draw it? What
 Conception
 Is clean enough Thy Pureness
 to descry,
 Or strong enough to speak Thy Dignity,
 Blest Mother of our Lord, whose Happy State
 None but an Angels Tongue did first relate?
 Thou wert on Earth a Star most heavenly
 bright,
 That didst bring forth the Sun that lent Thee
 Light:
 An Earthly Vessel full of heavenly Grace,
 That broughtst forth Life to *Adam's* dying
 Race.
 For God on Earth Thou wert a Royal Throne,
 The Quarry to cut out our Corner-stone,
 The chosen Cloth to make his Mortal Weed,
 Soil blest with Fruit, yet free from Mortal Seed.
 In Marriage-bands thou ledst a Virgin-life,
 And, tho' untouch'd, becam'st a Fruitful Wife.
 Tho' Thou to aged *Joseph* wert assur'd,
 No Carnal Love that Sacred League procur'd,
 All vain Delights were far from your Assent,
 For chaste by Vow you seal'd you chaste Intent.
 Thus God his Paradise to *Joseph* lent,
 Wherein to plant the Tree of Life he meant,
 To raise a Birth miraculous, and by
 His sacred ways of Power disclose that high
 And holy Mystery, which Angels (tho'
 So full of Light) desir'd to look into.
 When Thou thy Maker didst bring forth, and he
 Whose Age had been from all Eternity,
 Was born an Infant from Thy Blessed Womb,
 He lay enclosed in that narrow Room,

Whose Greatness Heaven and Earth could not contain.

Who made the World, and Nature did ordain,
 Was made of Thy Flesh; he, whose open'd Hand
 Feeds all the Creatures both by Sea and Land;
 That even to Thee thy Life and Being lent,
 Did from Thy Breast receive his Nourishment.
 His Birth no Human Tongues were fit to sing:
 Th' Angelic Quire did greet their new-born
 King.

So bright a Confort, and so sweet a Lay,
 Made Night more fair and chearful than the Day,
 And little *Bethlem* with more Glory fill'd
 Than all the *Roman* Palaces could yield.
 How wondrous great is then Thy Happiness,
 That wert his Mother? But who can exprels
 So high a Bliss? When we desire to fame
 Some other Maid or vertuous Womans Name,
 When we of other Ladies write the Lives,
 Of chaste Maids, happy Mothers, constant Wives,
 Such as best Writers have renown'd of yore,
 When we have told their Noble Vertues o're,
 We draw Examples, and besides their own
 Fair Stories, praise them by Comparison.
 But in Thy Life we cannot; Thou alone
 Canst not at all admit Comparison.
 So far thy happy Name and Honour lives
 Above all other Mothers, Maids, or Wives,
 That 'twere a Sin, when we Thy Story tell,
 So much as once to think of Parallel.
 We'll let Thee in Thine own pure Titles live,
 And speak no Praise of Thee but Positive;
 As when we say, All Ages, Nations all
 Shall Thee most Happy among Women call;
 That of the greatest Blessing God e're sent
 To sinful Man, Thou wert the Instrument.

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